

Friendship Is Difficult

PERHAPS the rarest bird among all rare birds is a Friend. And the reason is that about the most difficult of human relations is Friendship.

It is the thing most craved by all of us. And it is that of which all of us have the least.

There is no hunger like the hunger for companionship. It is deeper than the baby's want for his mother's milk or the strong man's craving for meat.

Sometimes it arises to as passionate a height as the drunkard's longing for drink.

For the prime and permanent cry of the human soul is for appreciation.

Under appreciation we thrive and grow and are joyous, as the flowers color beneath the sun.

Without appreciation we dwindle, pique and pine as white shoots of seed in a cellar.

The bitterest word in the human language is "alone."

And yet the lesson of life that comes with the years is that we must learn somehow to thrive in solitude.

For friends are rare and difficult.

There are people enough, but oft-times in the midst of the crowd our solitude is most pathetic.

Many a heart lives in the family, goes about the peopled streets and mingles with great congregations, yet is silent and savage as is a tiger in his jungle.

Perhaps the reason is that friendship calls for two qualities which are the rarest in our makeup—unselfishness and loyalty.

Friendship does not require great intelligence nor culture. Indeed, such things are often bars to it, because they magnify our offensive egotism.

Sometimes we think that no one but God himself is great enough to be a real friend.

But then again we question our judgment when we see that a man's best friend is his dog, who is as sub-human as God is superhuman.

Friendship demands understanding. It even demands that one understand us in spite of ourselves. For often we desperately conceal ourselves, and the more sensitive a soul is the thicker its mask.

Friendship demands faith; the kind of faith a heathen has in his idols. And our intellectualism has almost destroyed this primitive quality.

Scientific men have a theory that the atoms, even in a bar of iron or in a mass of stone, do not touch each other, but are remote in their atomic distances proportionately as stars in their celestial distances.

So also between souls are interstellar spaces.

Well alone. And alone we fare forth into the dim unknown.

A Well Deserved Reward.

MRS. MARK HANNA, who died recently, left \$25,000 to Maggie Maloney, her cook, whose corned beef hash was famous.

Maggie, we congratulate you! We are delighted to see culinary genius rewarded.

From the epicurean standpoint corned beef hash, ordinarily, is a gastronomic monstrosity. Nevertheless, in the hands of painstaking genius it rises to exalted heights.

Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. Maggie Maloney, who cooked corned beef hash well, was better entitled to reward than the average modern painter, writer or playwright. Compared with Michelangelo, Robert Louis Stevenson and Shakespeare, the average painter, writer and playwright is mediocre.

Let not your new-found wealth divert you from the stove, Maggie. We have plenty of rich people, but few good cooks.

Hash on! Hash ever! Let your work stand as a monument for the guidance of all those whose feet shall ever tread the pathway of hash.

Realistic Kiss --Deep Problem

NOW, here's a newspaper story that we refuse to believe.

Miss Isabel Miller, who sang in the choir of the Congregational Church of Simsbury, Conn.—so the story goes—played in an amateur theatrical performance entitled "Kathleen." It was part of her role in the play to kiss the hero. She kissed him so realistically—this, mind you, is the story that was printed in the newspapers—that the officials of the church expelled her from the choir.

How can this story be true? Surely there must be an error somewhere.

If Isabel's part in the play required kissing the hero, she must kiss him. Is that not so? Of course, if the Simsbury Church objects to amateur theatricals or to kissing per se, Isabel was wrong from the beginning—ab initio, so to speak—and must be thrown out of court as well as out of her job. But taking it for granted that the church did not object to the theatricals or the kissing, but simply kicked at the realism, how did they expect her to kiss the hero? In other words, how ought a kiss to be kissed?

The psychology of this is deep. So is the philosophy of it. But, as far as we can glean, after a careful study of the science of kissing, when a girl kisses, she ought to kiss. If it is not a real kiss it isn't a kiss at all. And if it is a real kiss, why, naturally, it is realistic.

The purpose of the stage, as Shakespeare said, is to hold the mirror up to nature. If the mirror reflects nature, why slam the mirror?

If, now, the officials of the Simsbury Church object to kissing per se, they would have a perfect right to do their best to abolish kissing.

In such a crusade they would probably find much opposition, but, on the other hand, they would also find considerable sympathy. You must remember that many people in this world are opposed to kissing, either on account of the nature of the osculatory act in itself or on account of their personal experience.

Kissing is a vast and deep subject. The one-kiss-in-a-lifetime which is always remembered, the rain-check kiss which can always be renewed and, above all, the kiss that never was kissed at all, but is merely a figment of a Dante-like imagination—all these have their two sides—inside and outside, so to speak. And the Declaration of Independence, in the "pursuit-of-happiness" clause, gives every citizen the right to seek them all or to be sore on them all.

Granting, however, that the officials of this church admit that Isabel had a right to act a kiss, why squeal because she acted it well?

Unless the officials of this church are of that type, that like to regulate women's dress, we cannot believe it possible that they object to kissing at all.

"What is a Kisse? Alack! at worst, 'A single Dropp to quench a Thirst.'"

There is a mistake somewhere, and we shall suspend judgment until we know more about it. If requested, we will gladly appoint a committee of one to listen to Isabel's side of it and ascertain just what kind of a kiss it was.

The line of applicants will please form on the right.

Stars and Stripes

The fellow who proposed 1,824 times to a girl and was finally accepted certainly played with fire once too often.

Rattles the Cubes. Mrs. Hoyle—My husband is a cubist. Mrs. Doyle—My husband shakes dice, too.

The world's champion optimist is a divorce trial judge who gets married.

Intoxicated animals? Why certainly there are. And if you don't believe it, There is the jag-u-ar.

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOPE

Copyright, 1921, by Star Co.



Years of experience have taught the youngsters, the aged, the ill and the infirm in Washington that YOUR Santa Claus, distributing the gifts that YOU make possible, never fails.

This year his visit will be more eagerly and ANXIOUSLY awaited than ever before; for, alas! in many, many homes the only chance for his coming at all will depend upon the feeling of GOOD FELLOWSHIP in your heart—a feeling that YOU are your brother's keeper and that Christmas was meant to be a season of happiness and gladness to the POOR and lowly as well as the rich. So get ready to keep faith with YOUR less fortunate brethren and sisters.

THEY'RE HUMAN

By William Atherton Du Puy

Myron T. Herrick, the ambassador to France, not infrequently lends himself to the telling of negro stories, one of his favorites being that of a camptowning down in Tennessee.

The negro exhorter, he said, had made a very moving speech and then went down among the congregation asking individuals to "Jine de ahmy ob de Lawd."

One member of the congregation, when so admonished, retorted:

"Ise done jind." "Whar'd yo' jine?" asked the exhorter. "In de Baptist Church," was the answer. "Brothah," said the exhorter, "yo' ain't jined de ahmy, yo' is in de navy."

George B. Cortelyou, one-time Secretary of the Treasury, likes to tell a story of the early days in the West, of the resolute, dauntless pioneers who went to California to dig gold in '49.

An English tourist once met a prairie caravan winding its picturesque way across the plains, covered wagons, cattle, men, women, dogs.

"We are going to found a town," the leader of the caravan explained. "We will found this town in a scientific manner. We have with us here everything needful. The red-headed man is a baker. I am a blacksmith, the little fellow is a doctor, the fat man butcher."

"Decidedly interesting," said the Englishman. "We work on scientific principles," said the leader. "There is no waste. There is not a person in our party who won't perform some important duty in the new town."

The Englishman looked about wondering, appraising the different individuals who made up the party. Finally he pointed to a thin, bent, aged man.

"But that feeble old fellow there," he said, "I can see no possible use you can make of him."

"He serves his purpose," said the leader. "We will open our new cemetery with him."

Fred C. Kelly, the humorist, has always been afraid that his name would some time get into the society columns. To his way of reasoning the most piffing thing in the world would be to have it said of you right out in print that you gave a tea or went to a bridge party.

Mr. Kelly had a peculiar experience not long ago, however, and he says that he would have no objection whatever to this event finding a place in the social columns. He is a great dog fancier and recently acquired a new Alredale pup. Now, Alredale pups, to be of any satisfaction to their owners, must have a certain degree of training, that they may so dispose themselves as to react in an intelligent, companionable way to the requirements of their associations with man. Over near Philadelphia there is a training school for dogs to which a pup may be sent, and where it may acquire the social amenities. Mr. Kelly drove over to Philadelphia with his Alredale and entered it at this school. He says that he would have no objection at all to its being set down in the society columns that he had taken his dog over to Philadelphia to place it in a training school.

(Copyright, 1921.)

All the Same!

In the new short skirts women's rights do not seem to be any more important than their lefts.—Wayward Tales.

"Where nations are united," says Marshal Foch, "no force on earth can stop their forward march." The trouble is that the march of united nations is not always forward.

Mr. B. Baer

ARMS AND THE MENU.

FANCY and assorted diplomats are going back to Europe to buy their own meals.

NOTHING was accomplished at Washington conference that couldn't have been done by mail order system except eating. Meeting was triple alliance of before, after and in-between dinner speeches. We got Europe so into habit of being fed that when transatlantic biscuits stopped arriving over there, they came over here to get them.

DIPS might cut down size of skirmish boats and bat the barges, but you didn't pipe them slicing down number of knives and forks. Spoons and ladles will be kept right up to full war power.

MONS. LA BLINK and Sig. Spigoty had great time traveling around with their napkins tied around their necks in self-defense. Minister plenipotentiaries and ambassadors extraordinary leaped from meat to meal like fleas at dog show. They were wine and dined by clubs, building societies, societies, sewing circles, syndicates and protective tenant leagues.

WAY disarmament convention acted, delegates must think next war will be fought in somebody's kitchen. They scrapped imported gas masks in favor of domestic nosebags.

PARROOM politics gives way to buffet diplomacy. Full battle strength of modern nation consists of 144-piece dinner set. Full stomachs maketh empty heads, but there's something to business of stuffing visiting diplomats. Sims and Harvey would have done much better if they had scooted around England with hot potatoes in their mouths.

SO far as this arms conference is concerned, each dip seemed to think his stomach was official ballot box and each morsel of food one vote.

IMPOSSIBLE to tell just what was accomplished at Washington unless touring delegates submit to X-rays.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

By K. C. B.

After all, the best way to elevate the masses is to raise children properly.—Richmond News Leader.

DEAR MR. News

Leader.

YOU SAID it.

AND I'M for you.

AND IF all the

nations.

THAT ARE sitting

around.

AT THE present

time.

AND COUNTING

ships.

AND COUNTING

soldiers.

AND FIGURING out.

WHAT SHIPS they'll

sink.

AND HOW many

soldiers.

THEY'LL HAVE to

drown.

OR WHATEVER

they'll do.

WITH THE over-

stock.

WOULD FIX things

up.

SO THERE'D be no

war.

FOR TWENTY years.

AND WOULD then

go home.

AND FORGET

everything.

EXCEPT THE kids.

WHO ARE growing

up.

AND WOULD take

as much interest.

IN THE child at

school.

AS THEY would in

a clerk.

OR AN office boy.

AND WOULD train

the mind.

OF THE child at

school.

IN THOUGHTS of

peace.

AND ACCOMPLISH-

MENT.

IN PEACEFUL ways.

AND IMBUE in him.

A SPIRIT of love.

INSTEAD OF hate.

IF THEY'D do this

thing.

IT'S MORE than

likely.

THAT AFTER a

while.

WE'D THINK just

peace.

INSTEAD OF war.

AND THERE'D be

no war.

BUT OF course they

won't.

FOR THEY must be

careful.

AND WAVE their

flags.

AND INSTILL new

hates.

FOR IF they don't.

THEY MIGHT be

defeated.

AT THE next elec-

tion.

AND WHEN is a

statesman?

NOT A statesman?

AND THE answer is.

WHEN HE'S out of

office.

I THANK you.

Evolved in Prison.

Esperanto, the only one of all the many so-called universal languages that shows any signs of survival, was invented by Dr. Darnenhoff during his fifteen years' captivity in a British prison.

Flying 50,000 Feet Up, And Faster

Rickenbacker, best American fighting flier, thinks that aviation has scarcely begun; and he is right. There is no trouble, according to Rickenbacker, in flying at very great heights.

"You will be in a bottle-shaped body or fuselage, with plenty of oxygen.

"Your engine will have plenty of oxygen also, for a new arrangement makes it possible to feed air to the engine at the pressure existing near the earth's surface.

"Another new invention that makes it possible to change the position of the blades in the propeller, so as to give a greater grip on the air, as it gets thinner, will give the engine all the hold it wants.

"Most important of all, however, is the speed that will come from the powerful wind at a great height.

"The day is coming when a man will fly from San Francisco to New York, and then, to get back to San Francisco GO ALL THE WAY AROUND THE EARTH and land in San Francisco after crossing the Pacific, simply to avoid fighting the high wind going back. He'll go seven-eighths of the distance around to San Francisco WITH THE WIND.

"Think of a wind blowing 500 miles an hour. If you simply sailed with it, you would go around the world in fifty hours. You have seen the speed that engines can be made to develop, and fliers in this century may cut that speed in two."

This is interesting to our readers, confirming the prediction made here, years ago, that flying machines would eventually go around the earth as rapidly as the sun SEEMS to go around.

Of the flying machine in general, Rickenbacker says: "Americans discovered it, they had to take it to France to find encouragement and development. And Germany has gone farther with it than any other nation. Just now the Allies, not allowing the Germans to make real flying machines, are compelling them to study, develop the glider, in which the man is the engine, forcing them to make such deep studies as will put them even farther ahead in aviation.

"In the war they were always a little ahead, and had the advantage of men in the French and other Allied flying machines."

The President in the South

A very interesting speech President Harding made recently in the South to a crowd of whites and blacks, in which the blacks were "segregated," set apart. Looking at the blacks, the President told them to be the best possible kind of BLACK MEN, not to try to be an imitation of WHITE MEN.

And looking at the whites, he told them to give their black brothers everything that education could give them and that opportunity could offer them.

It takes courage, as the French proverb has it, "to put your finger between the bark and the tree."

It would be like meddling in a quarrel between husband and wife for the North to attempt to adjust relations between the races in the South. To tell one region how to solve its problem is bold work.

But President Harding is thinking, as well he may, with HIS job, at THIS time, and he is not afraid to tell what he thinks. Whites and blacks must have been startled by his statement that he hoped the colored vote would not remain a solid Republican vote.

Meet Mr. Trillion

Americans used to talk and think in millions, although it made them dizzy, in the old days. In the war they learned at least to TALK of billions—no mind GRASPS billions, although Uncle Sam lends them.

Now Russia goes up higher and introduces us to the trillion. She has issued over five trillions of rubles—and all the reserve funds of this country's banks amount to a little over forty-nine billions. No wonder rubles are cheap.

The Methodist World Digest of Reform News prints an article headed, "The only good bootlegger is a dead bootlegger." It says prohibition officers have wrongly taken bootleggers alive, putting them in prison, when they might better have been put under five feet of ground. "A bootlegger is worth a lot more to the country dead than alive," says the Methodist publication.

It may be sound judgment, but unsoundly expressed. Killing provokes killing, and there are many bootleggers—in some towns "hello, bootlegger" has become a friendly salutation. Better rely on law; it is slow, but safer.

The Chinese women have stopped squeezing their feet, the men have given up pigtails. It came hard with both, although the squeezed feet were invented by conquerors to prevent women running away, and the pigtails were intended for the conqueror's convenience—something to take hold of, when he wanted to cut off a head, on the run.

Now Mongolians in the army of the Siberian republic are ordered to cut their pigtails, and the women to put aside their veils. There is objection to giving up these badges of servitude, and we wonder. But some Americans cling to their poisonous cocktails—or would if they could—and talk "personal liberty." The cocktail habit is worse than pigtail or squeezed feet; it eats the lining.